

# G A R L

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Containing four Choice Songs.

- 1 On the Opening of the New Theatre  
Manchester.
- 2 The Happy Marriage.
- 3 The World Fair.
- 4 The Borrowful Tailor's Wedding.



M N C H E S T E R :

Printed and Sold by G. SWINDELLS  
Hanging Bridge.

Written and sung by Mr. Ryley, in character, on the night of the opening the new theatre in Manchester.

**N**EW brooms sweep clean we oft have heard,

By proverb tart and true;  
Of those that can this fact den  
I think you'll find but few.



And sweeping, &c.  
When married folks in honey moon,  
Are seen to bill and coo,  
You think their brooms sweep very clean,  
Why, it's all because they're new:  
But in some time they cooler grow,  
The husband he cries pliew!  
Pray can't you keep your distance, ma'am,  
Things are not now so new.  
A baby next makes rapture all,  
Sing cock-a-doodle doo;  
There's daddy's eyes, there's daddy's nose  
And all because it's new.  
When dress' up fine a friend you meet,  
Who ne'er says how do you do;  
You think his clothes have blinded him,  
Its all because they're new!  
The ladies little bonnets wear,  
And put them on askew;  
The beaux they bolster out their throats,  
Because the fashion's new.

- 7 The lawyer brings his bill of costs,  
 With items not a few;  
 And if you should be undercharg'd,  
 The matter is quite new!
- 8 And though from many good old things  
 Much profit doth accrue;  
 You'll find upon the whole, my friend,  
 Most money's got by new!
- 9 For instance, in our play-house here,  
 A pleasing sight we view;  
 And many now are hither come,  
 Because it is quite new!
- 10 And if each night you here attend,  
 Believe me, I say true,  
 The managers will not repent,  
 The building of it new.
- 11 Our painter has, with art unmatch'd  
 His canvas stretch'd to view,  
 You have your approbation shewn,  
 Because it is quite new.
- 12 Our little corps, we hope have pleas'd,  
 You've seen their first review,  
 And players like all other things,  
 Blest pleas'd while they are new.
- 13 At last I crave your pardons all,  
 And trust I shall not rue;  
 The singing of this home-made song,  
 Because it is quite new.

*The Happy Marriage.*

**I** Have been a wife these dozen long  
years,

And blest be the time I was marry'd,  
I never fell out with my love in my life,  
When he at the ale house tarry'd:

Light up a candle and go to my bed,  
And when he comes home there's no  
more to be said, (head,

He sleeps till he's sober, and settles his  
So girls mind this when you're marry'd.

By times in the morning, before his awake  
I rise and I make him a fire,

A breakfast I get him of something that's  
Or any thing that he desires: (hot,

He gives me a kiss, & to work he does go,  
I never say husband, why do ye do so?

We live like two turtles, no sorrow we  
know,

So girls mind this when you're marry'd.

On Saturday night when money falls short,  
We make the less serve us on Sunday,

He cries, Oh my dear, I'll be better next  
week,

I will go early to work on Monday:



Our children do stand in submission and  
fear,

We've never a word but my joy & my  
dear, (long years,

Tho' we have been marry'd these dozen  
Saying, Blest be the time I was marry'd.

You that's got a bad husband 'tis vain for  
to scold,

For ill words will ne'er make him better,  
So keep yourself free from contention &  
strife, matter,

Let your neighbours ne'er know of the  
Let every husband and wife each adore,

And you may live happy if ever so poor,  
And heaven will daily increase your store,  
So girls mind this when you're marry'd.

O I have a wife and a very good wife,  
Altho' I have been such a villain,  
She will make a groat go further indeed,  
Than many a one will do a shilling:  
She's not one of those that drinks coffee  
and tea, (all day,

Or gossips about with her neighbours  
She ne'er goes abroad except its with m  
No man was more happier marry'd.

## The Injur'd FAIR.

COME lasses listen unto me,  
 In country town and city,  
 Let my downfall a caution be,  
 To blooming maids so pritty.

I am a poor unhappy girl, 2  
 Upon the town applying,  
 Because I did believe false men,  
 Full of deceit and lying.

May remember pritty maids, 3  
 How often we are warned,  
 For when men once do get their ends,  
 By them you will be scorned.

Such flatteries to me he us'd, 4  
 And presents I had many,  
 Although I'd twenty for to chuse,  
 I lov'd him best of any.

Blythe as the lark I was till he, 5  
 Of every joy bereft me.  
 But when he had his will of me,  
 He went his way and left me.

With arms around me on his knees 6  
 Like Judas he did kiss me,  
 With'd the happy day to see,  
 Marriage for to bless me.

only ears should hear it

7 But O alas! the treacherous  
Most treacherous did seduce  
And when I ask'd him for to wed,  
He like a rogue refus'd me.

8 Then of his conquest he did boast  
In man you know its common,  
And bragg'd to his companions all,  
How he'd deciv'd a woman;

9 Howe'er he has my ruin been,  
And I'm undone for ever,  
So how can man ever expect,  
Of woman any favour.

10 But yet I will not curse the youth  
But this I wish in brief, fir,  
That he may wed a drunken wife,  
Then he'll have whore and thief.

11 Sufficient punishment I vow,  
For any man alive, fir,  
For he that's ty'd to such a jilt,  
I'm sure he ne'er can thrive fir.

12 Now this is all the harm I wish,  
What think you of my prayer,  
A drunken wife to be the lot,  
Of every maids's betrayer;  
A good wife is an ornament,  
And makes a husband prized,  
But may get a drunken jilt,  
And see himself despised.

or of Liverpool was married of late,  
to a fair pretty creature whose name it was  
he concluded he had her maidenhead, [Kate  
one in a month or thereabout was brought to bed.

2 The tailor he raved and scratched his ears,  
And swore by his bodkin, his goose & his shears,  
If every month she in labour did fall,  
He never would be able to maintain them all.

3 He trembled as if he was ready to faint,  
And then to her mother he made his complaint,  
And told her his sorrowful story at large,  
Concerning her daughter who brought this charge.

4 Why quoth the good wife don't grieve at this rate,  
She must have her number come early or late,  
The faster she has them the sooner she'll have done,  
Then make not such a racket now I pray my son.

5 I find that my daughter she takes after me,  
For I think I was not much longer than she,  
After I was married I soon had a child,  
And therefore pray son be reconcil'd.

6 At this the poor tailor he stood in amaze,  
And cry'd I never heard the like in my days,  
If you are such breeders then I have cause to fear,  
That I may have a dozen of them in a year.

7 A dozen of cradles then I must provide,  
And likewise a dozen of nurses beside,  
And for a dozen lyings-in & christenings too,  
And twenty dozen gossippers a jovial crew.  
8 If she brings a child every month in the year,  
My charge will be great friends you need not fear,  
And those that employ me may very well expect,  
That the taking of my cabbage I durst not neglect.

9 My sorrows are many, my charges are great,  
Was I now unmarried as I have been of late,  
I never would trouble myself with a wife,  
For such a charge would make me weary of life.